

French fop: you gaue vs the the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip fir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'r'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Rom. O single fold ieast,
Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benvolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this diuelling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large. (haire.)

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fah Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quotha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worle.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke: I faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he fir,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare fir, vnlesse a Hare fir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent. An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auuncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. *Mercutio, Benvolio.*

Nur. I pray you fir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that lones to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were luther then he is, and twentie such lockes: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scurvie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vie me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene cut. I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quivers, skurvy knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a foolies paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaviour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

Beshriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoone fir? well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee Cords made like a rackled staire,

Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: hark you fir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two

may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. We'l fy my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,

Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-

ble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a-

board: but she good soule had as leue a see Toade, a very

Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that

Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say

so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world.

Doth not *Rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. R. is for the no,

I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the

prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemarie*, that it

would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,

In halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:

Oh she is lame, Loues Hieraid should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,

Driving backe shadowes ouer lowring hills:

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Loue,

And therefore bath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:

Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill

Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,

I three long houres, yet she is not come.

Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,

And his to me, but old folkes,

Many faine as they were dead,

Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead, and me I

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?

Enter Nurse. Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse?

O Lord, why lookest thou sad? if thou art sad, thou art

Though newes be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou shalt the musick of sweet newes,

By playing it to me, with so fower a face, as my woman

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,

For how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake,

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth

To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,

Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know

not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face

be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and

for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to

be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower

of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy

waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Jul. No no: but all this this did I know before

What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?

It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side: to my backe, my backe:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Jul. I faith: am sorrie that that thou art so well,

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou replist!

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the Poultris for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,

There staies a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,

Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue

Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night,

Go lie to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. Exit Nurse.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,

That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,

It cannot counteruail the exchange of ioy:

That one short minute giues me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then Loue-denouring death do what he dare,

It is enough. I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,

And in their triumph die like fire and powder;

Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,

And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,

Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot

Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,

ff 2

A